

The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE
The Well-Known Novelist and the
Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration with the Pathe Players
and the Eclectic Film Company

FIRST EPISODE

The Clutching Hand.
There must be something new in
to catch criminals nowadays.
methods are all right—as far
go. But while we have been
hem, criminals have kept pace
modern science.

Kennedy laid down his news-
and filled his pipe with my to-
in college we had roomed to-
had shared everything, even
and now that Craig was a
or of chemistry in charge of
oratory at the university, and
sort of roving commission on
of the Star, we had continued
management.

was always seemed strange to
went on slowly, "that no one
endowed a professorship in
science in any of the large

ed aside my own paper and
ed the tobacco.

should there be a chair in
science?" I replied argu-
ely, settling back in my chair.
me my turn at police headquar-
reporting, and I can tell you,
there is no place for a college pro-
fessor in—just crime. And as
saying with it the great detec-
born and bred to it. College
ors for the sociology of the
yes, for the detection of it.
a Byrnes."

the contrary," persisted Ken-
his clean-cut features betraying
ness which I knew indicated
was leading up to something
ortance, "there is a distinct
or science in the detection of
Today we have professors of
ing—why not professors of
science?"

as I shook my head dubiously,
ened to elicit his point. "Col-
age got down to solving the
acts of life, nowadays—pretty
all, except one. They still treat
in the old way, study its statis-
and pore over its causes and the
of how it can be prevented
ished. But as for running down
animal himself, scientifically, re-
ly—bah! we haven't made
progress to mention since the
and tongue method of your
Byrnes."

bliss you will write a brochure
a most interesting subject," I
ed, "and let it go at that."
I am serious," he replied, de-
ed for some reason or other to
a convert of me. "I mean ex-
actly that. I am going to apply
to the detection of crime, the
ort of methods by which we
ut the presence of a mysteri-
emical or track down a deadly
And before I have gone far, I
ing to enlist Walter Jameson
aid. I think I shall need you
guinness."

do I come in?" I asked.
for one thing, you will get a
a 'beat'—whatever you call
at newspaper jargon of yours."
unately, Walter," he pursued,
time-hunters have gone ahead in
faster than the criminals. It's
my job to catch criminals. Yours,
as to me, is to show people how
never hope to beat the mod-
ern scientific detective."

ed at last.
so it was that we formed this
new partnership in crime sel-
at has existed ever since.

erson, here's a story I wish
follow up," remarked the man-
editor of the Star to me one
after I had turned in an as-
ent of the late afternoon.

anded me a clipping from the
edition of the Star, and I
ran my eye over the headline:

"THE CLUTCHING HAND" WINS AGAIN.

NEW YORK MYSTERIOUS MAS-
TER CRIMINAL PERFECTS
ANOTHER COUP.

City Police Completely Baffled

"Here's this murder of Fletcher, the
retired banker and trustee of the uni-
versity," he explained. "Not a clue—
except a warning letter signed with
this mysterious clutching flat. Last
week it was the robbery of the Hax-
worth jewels and the killing of old
Haxworth. Again that curious sign of
the hand. Then there was the dastard-
ly attempt on Sherburne, the steel
magnate. Not a trace of the assail-
ant except this same clutching flat. So
it has gone, Jameson—the most alarm-
ing and inexplicable series of murders
that has ever happened in this coun-
try. And nothing but this uncanny
hand to trace them by."

The editor paused a moment, then
exclaimed: "Why, this fellow seems
to take a diabolical—almost
pathological—pleasure in crimes
of violence, revenge, avarice and self-
protection. Sometimes it seems as if
he delights in the pure devilry of the
thing. It is weird."

He leaned over and spoke in a low,
tense tone. "Strangest of all, the tip
has just come to me that Fletcher, Hax-
worth, Sherburne and all the rest of
these wealthy men were insured in
the Consolidated Mutual Life. Now,
Jameson, I want you to find Taylor
Dodge, the president, and interview
him. Get what you can, at any cost."

I had naturally thought first of Ken-
nedy, but there was no time now to
call him up and, besides, I must see
Dodge immediately.

Dodge, I discovered over the tele-
phone, was not at home nor at any of
the clubs to which he belonged. Late
though it was I concluded that he was
at his office. No amount of persuasion
could get me past the door, and
though I found out later and shall tell
soon what was going on there, I de-
termined, about nine o'clock, that the
best way to get at Dodge was to go to
his house on Fifth avenue, if I had
to camp on his front doorstep until
morning. The harder I found the story
to get the more I wanted it.

With some misgivings about being
admitted, I rang the bell of the splen-
did, though not very modern, Dodge
residence. An English butler, with a
nose that must have been his fortune,
opened the door and gravely informed
me that Mr. Dodge was not at home,
but was expected at any moment.

Once in, I was not going lightly to
give up that advantage. I bethought
myself of his daughter Elaine, one of
the most popular debutantes of the
season, and sent in my card to her, on
a chance of interesting her and seeing
her father, writing on the bottom of
the card: "Would like to interview
Mr. Dodge regarding Clutching Hand."

Summoning up what assurance I
had, which is sometimes considerable,
I followed the butler down the hall as
he bore my card. As he opened the
door of the drawing-room, I caught a
vision of a slip of a girl in evening
clothes.

Elaine Dodge was both the ingenious
and the athlete—the thoroughly mod-
ern type of girl—equally at home with
tennis and tango, table talk and tea.

Near her I recognized from his pic-
tures Harry Bennett, the rising young

corporation lawyer, a mighty good-
looking fellow, with an affable, pleas-
ing way about him, perhaps thirty-five
years old or so, but already prominent
and quite friendly with Dodge.

"Who is it, Jennings?" she asked.
"A reporter, Miss Dodge," answered
the butler, glancing superciliously back
at me. "And you know how your father
dislikes to see anyone here at the
house," he added deferentially to her.

"Miss Dodge," I pleaded, bowing as
if I had known them all my life, "I've
been trying to find your father all the
evening. It's very important."

She looked up at me surprised and in
doubt whether to laugh or stamp her
pretty little foot in indignation at my
stupidous nerve.

She laughed. "You are a very brave
young man," she rippled with a roguish
look at Bennett's discomfiture over the
interruption of the tea-party.

There was a note of seriousness in
it, too, that made me ask quickly,
"Why?"

The smile faded from her face, and
in its place came a frank earnest ex-
pression, which I later learned to like
and respect very much. "My father has
declared he will eat the very next re-
porter who tries to interview him
here," she answered.

I was about to prolong the waiting
time by some jolly about such a stun-
ning girl not having by any possibi-
lity such a cannibal of a parent, when
the rattle of the changing gears of a
car outside told of the approach of a
mourner.

The big front door opened and
Elaine flung herself in the arms of an
elderly, stern-faced, gray-haired man.
"Why, dad," she cried, "where have
you been? I missed you so much at
dinner. I'll be so glad when this ter-
rible business gets cleared up. Tell—
me. What is on your mind? What is
it that worries you now?"

I noticed then that Dodge seemed
wrought up and a bit unnerved, for he
sank rather heavily into a chair,
brushed his face with his handkerchief
and breathed heavily. Elaine hovered
over him sollicitously, repeating her
question.

With a mighty effort he seemed to
get himself together. He rose and
turned to Bennett.

"Harry," he exclaimed, "I've got the
Clutching Hand!"

The two men stared at each other.
"Yes," continued Dodge. "I've found
out how to trace it, and tomorrow I
am going to set the alarms of the city
at rest by exposing—"

"Don't Let On How You Found Out!"
Just then Dodge caught sight of me.
For the moment I thought perhaps he
was going to fulfill his threat.

"Who the devil—why didn't you tell
me a reporter was here, Jennings?" he
rattled indignantly, pointing toward
the door.

Argument, entreaty, were of no
avail. There was nothing to do but go.
At least, I reflected, I had the great-
er part of the story—all except the one
big thing, however—the name of the
criminal. But Dodge would know him
tomorrow!

I hurried back to the Star to write
my story in time to catch the last
morning edition.

Meanwhile, if I may anticipate my
story, I must tell of what we later
learned had happened to Dodge so
completely to upset him.

Ever since the Consolidated Mutual
had been hit by the murders he had had
many lines out in the hope of unmask-
ing the perpetrator. That night, as I
found out the next day, he had at last
heard of a clue. One of the company's
detectives had brought in a red-head-
ed, lame, partly paralyzed crook, who
enjoyed the expressive moniker of
"Limpy Red." Limpy Red was a
gunman of some renown, evi-
dently, and having nothing much to lose,
desperate. Whoever the master criminal
of the clutching hand might have been
he had seen fit to employ Limpy, but
had not taken the precaution of getting
rid of him soon enough when he was
through.

Therefore Limpy had a grievance,
and now descended under pressure to

the low level of snitching to Dodge in
his office.

"No, governor," the trembling
wretch had said as he handed over a
grimy envelope, "I can't never seen
his face—but here is directions how to
find his hangout."

As Limpy ambled out, he turned to
Dodge, quivering at the enormity of his
unpardonable sin in gangland: "For
God's sake, governor," he implored,
"don't let on how you found out!"

And yet Limpy Red had scarcely left
with his promise not to tell, when
Dodge, happening to turn over some
papers, came upon an envelope left
on his own desk, bearing that mysteri-
ous clutching hand.

He tore it open, and read in amaz-
ement:

"Destroy Limpy Red's instructions
within the next hour."

Dodge gazed about in wonder. This
was getting on his nerves. He de-
termined to go home and rest.

Outside the house, as he left his car,
pasted over the innkeeper on the door,
he had found another note, with the
same weird mark and the single word:
"Remember!"

In spite of the pleadings of young
Bennett, Dodge refused to take warn-
ing. In the safe in his beautifully
fitted library he deposited Limpy's docu-
ment in an envelope containing all
the correspondence that had led up to
the final step in the discovery.

It was late in the evening when I
returned to our apartment and, not
finding Kennedy there, knew that I
would discover him at the laboratory.

"Craig," I cried as I burst in on
him. "I've got a case for you—greater
than any ever before."

Kennedy looked up calmly from the
rack of scientific instruments that sur-
rounded him—test tubes, beakers,
carefully labeled bottles.

"Indeed," he remarked, coolly go-
ing back to his work.

"Yes," I cried. "It is a scientific
criminal who seems to leave no clues."
Kennedy looked up gravely. "Every
criminal leaves a trace," he said quiet-
ly. "If it hasn't been found, then it
must be because no one has ever
looked for it in the right way."

Still gazing at me keenly, he added:
"Yes, I already knew there was such
a man at large. I have been called in
on that Fletcher case—he was a trustee
of the university, you know."

"All right," I exclaimed, a little
nettled that he should have anticipated
me even so much in the case. "But
you haven't heard the latest."
"What is it?" he asked with provok-
ing calmness.

"Taylor Dodge," I blurted out, "has
the clue. Tomorrow he will track down
the man!"

Kennedy fairly jumped as I repeat-
ed the news.

"How long has he known?" he de-
manded eagerly.

"Perhaps three or four hours," I has-
arded.

Kennedy gazed at me fixedly.
"Then Taylor Dodge is dead!" he
exclaimed, throwing off his acid-stained
laboratory jacket, and hurrying into
his street clothes.

"Impossible!" I ejaculated.

Kennedy paid no attention to the ob-
jection. "Come, Walter," he urged.
"We must hurry before the trail gets
cold."

There was something positively un-
canny about Kennedy's assurance. I
doubted—yet I feared.

It was well past the middle of the
night when we pulled up in a night-
hawk taxicab before the Dodge house,
mounted the steps and rang the bell.

Jennings answered sleepily, but not
so much so that he did not recognize
me. He was about to bang the door
shut when Kennedy interposed his
foot.

"Where is Mr. Dodge?" asked Ken-
nedy. "Is he all right?"

"Of course he is—in bed," replied
the butler.

Just then we heard a faint cry, like
nothing exactly human. Or was it our
heightened imaginations, under the
spell of the darkness?

"Listen!" cautioned Kennedy.
We did, standing there now in the
hall. Kennedy was the only one of us
who was cool. Jennings' face blanched,
then he turned tremblingly and went
down to the library door, whence the
sounds had seemed to come.

He called, but there was no answer.
He turned the knob and opened the
door. The Dodge library was a large
room. In the center stood a big, fat-
topped desk of heavy mahogany. It
was brilliantly lighted.

At one end of the desk was a tele-
phone. Taylor Dodge was lying on the
floor at that end of the desk—perfect-
ly rigid—his face distorted—a ghastly
figure. A pet dog ran over, sniffed
frantically at his master's legs and
suddenly began to howl dimly.

Dodge was dead!

"Help!" shouted Jennings.

Others of the servants came rush-
ing in. There was, for the moment,
the greatest excitement and confu-
sion.

Suddenly a wild figure in flying gar-
ments flitted down the stairs and into
the library, dropping beside the dead
man, without seeming to notice us at
all.

"Father!" shrieked a woman's voice,
heart-broken. "Father! Oh—my God—
he—he is dead!"

It was Elaine Dodge.

With a mighty effort, the heroic girl
seemed to pull herself together.

"Jennings," she cried, "call Mr. Ben-
nett—immediately!"

(The continuation of the First Episo-
de of the Exploits of Elaine will ap-
pear in Monday's issue of The Herald.
On that evening the First Episode will
be shown at the Star Theater.)

Facade of 1915 Exposition's Huge Palace of Machinery



COMPLETED west facade of the giant Palace of Machinery looking north-
toward San Francisco bay. The building is Roman in architecture, and
the colonnade within its three great arched portals suggests the baths of
Hadrian at Caracalla. The columns before the palace are in imitation Tra-
vine marble, colored to represent striated marble. The columns are crowned
with figures by Mr. Haig Patigian, representing the forces employed in the pro-
duction of mechanical power.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

BY MARGARET MASON
(Written for the United Press)

Dame Fashion's latest costume,
To ravish her exchequer,
Has squares like a checker board,
Of black and white to deck her,
And though you may make game of it
Not even this will check her.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13.—On the
square, the latest move in the game
of fashion is destined to make the
man's wife look like a regular check-
mate. At any rate
many is the modish
maud bound to have
a checkerboard career
this spring, if the
early showing of
checkerboard silks
is any indication.

Positively all the
smartest frocks and
suits are in that
ever shrinking and
becoming combina-
tion of black and
white and every-
thing is checked up
against the fair
wearer to beat the
cubists at their own
game.

Naturally the checks vary in size
from the tiny pink checks and shep-
herd plaids to the checkerboard di-
mensions. These latter, being the
newest and most daring of the check
variety, since the smaller effects have
been wished on us many times be-
fore, are therefore attracting the
most popular attention.

Not only is the checkerboard silk
used as a trimming, but is made up
into whole gowns with stunning, but
not exactly soothing result.

Cunning little shepherd plaid suits
are rapidly taking the place of the
too numerous and colored covert
clothes. They are natty and chic,
are built on trig straight line with
smart little hip length coats almost
box in their cut. The inevitable belt,
set well up under the arms, marks
the omnipresent empire waist line.

A cunning little silk frock of black
and white about the modest dimen-
sions of a postage stamp is made with
a full skirt pleated on to a short
waisted belt of the same silk and
straps of the same pushing suspender-
like over the shoulders of a plain
tailored white pussywillow taffeta
blouse.

Silk sweaters are shown in the
popular black and white check com-
bination, hats are trimmed in ribbon
and silk, purses and bags have checks
without, even if they may be a bit
shy of them within and even hosiery
is breaking out rashly with an erup-
tion of checks. In fact the more pre-
valent this check epidemic is bound
to become the more we try to check
it.

By the way, have you taken the
veil of the cubist order. All of the
smartest new veils of the flaring var-
iety that flow so voluminously from
the tiny turbans and spread their
ribbon bound edges atop shapely
shoulders are of flit mesh. As every
woman knows this means a square
mesh and most of these are bordered
with alternate squares filled in solidly
with the thread. In taupe these flit
mesh veils are great beauty en-
hancers.

After all there is a good practical
reason for fashion's decree against
bright colors this season and a put-
ting forward of the neutral sombre
tints and tones of gray drab, dun and
black and white. Quite a novelty it is,
too, for fashion to have anything
stable as a foundation for her vagar-
ies and yet the real solid reason
for the present monotone of mode is
the shortage of foreign dyestuffs and
the inferior quality of our own. It
certainly seems strange that the made
in the United States dyestuffs are not
good enough to dye our garments;
they have been tried out with such
success in all our drunks and food-
stuffs.

Under cover it seems, however,
that bright colors are not of neces-
sity taboo if one may judge from a
recent Fifth avenue display of un-
der garments. Highly sensa-
tional as well as highly colored and
highly priced were sets of chemise,
panties and petticoats, one of royal
purple chiffon edged with apricot
colored ribbon, another set of Nile
green messaline with apricot edges,
trimmed scantily with a single nosa-
gay of orchid shades chiffon rose-
buds. Then there was an apricot
satin set and another of orange chif-
fon.

It is to be opined that these hectic
garments are offered for the trade of
fair, but frail beauties who earnestly
desire to match up their lingerie with
their reputations.

Accurate information about the
Klamath Basin. Ask Chilcote.

LEGAL NOTICES

Notice Inviting Proposals to Purchase
City of Klamath Falls Im-
provement Bonds

Sealed proposals will be received
by the undersigned until Monday, the
8th day of March, 1915, at the hour
of 8 o'clock p. m., of said day, at the
city hall, in the city of Klamath
Falls, Oregon, (and at such time
and place all proposals received will

be opened), for the purchase of
\$19,000.00 City of Klamath Falls,
Oregon, coupon improvement bonds,
payable ten years from date of issue,
bearing a rate of interest not to ex-
ceed 6 per cent per annum, interest
payable semi-annually, principal and
interest payable at the office of the
city treasurer or at the Fiscal Agency
of the state of Oregon, in New York,
principal and interest payable in gold
coin of the United States of America.
Said bonds will be issued in denomina-
tions not exceeding \$500.00 each,
and numbered from 1 to —, inclu-
sive. Said bonds are authorized by
Ordinance No. 249, of the city of
Klamath Falls, Oregon, for the pur-
pose of providing funds to pay the
cost of improving Third street, from
Main street to California avenue, in-
cluding intersections. Said bonds will
be sold to the highest bidder, for
cash, and for no less than their par
value and accrued interest.

Each proposal to purchase said
bonds must be accompanied by a
check for 5 per cent of the amount
of the proposal, certified by some
responsible bank, payable to the order
of the undersigned.

Proposals must be indorsed "Pro-
posals to Purchase Third Street Im-
provement Bonds."

The council of said city reserves
the right to reject any and all bids.
Said bonds will contain a provision
to the effect that the city reserves
the right to take up and cancel such
bond, upon payment at any time of
the face value, with accrued interest
to date of payment, at any semi-
annual coupon period, at or after one
year from the date of such bond
or bonds.

A. L. LEAVITT,
Police Judge of the City of Klamath
Falls, Oregon.
Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon,
February 5th, 1915. 2-5 2-8.

In Bankruptcy
(No. 3189)
Notice of First Meeting of Creditors
in the District Court of the United
States, for the District of Ore-
gon.

In the matter of Rudolph Madson,
Bankrupt.

To the creditors of Rudolph Madson,
of the City of Klamath Falls, in
the County and District aforesaid,
a bankrupt:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That
on the 27th day of January, A. D.
1915, the said Rudolph Madson was
duly adjudicated bankrupt; and that
the first meeting of his creditors will
be held in the law office of W. H. A.
Renner, located over the post-
office, in the City of Klamath Falls,
Oregon, on the 5th day of March, A.
D. 1915, at 10 o'clock a. m., at which
time the said creditors may attend,
prove their claims, appoint a trustee,
examine the bankrupt, and transact
such other business as may properly
come before said meeting, and also
may consider whether such trustee
shall be authorized to sell the prop-
erty of the estate.

Dated at Klamath Falls, Oregon,
February 8, 1915.

W. H. A. RENNER,
Special Referee in Bankruptcy for
said Estate.

Notice to Creditors of Klamath
County, Oregon
All persons having claims against
Klamath county for services per-
formed or supplies furnished said
county, prior to January 1, 1915,
must file same with the County Clerk
with proper vouchers attached, on or
before the first day of March, 1915.
All such claims not filed by said
date will not be considered.

By order of the County Clerk.
C. R. DeLAP, County Clerk.
Dated January 28th, 1915.
29-5-12-19

Notice of Sale of Unassigned Dower
Right
In the County Court of the State of
Oregon, for the County of Klamath.

In the matter of the guardianship
of the person and estate of Mary
A. Kilgore, an insane person.

Pursuant to the order of the coun-
ty judge of the county of Klamath,
state of Oregon, dated the 1st day
of February, 1915, notice is hereby
given that the undersigned will sell,
at private sale, for cash, in Klamath
Falls, Oregon, on the 6th day of
March, 1915, or thereafter, the un-
assigned right of dower of Mary A.
Kilgore, an insane person, in and to
the following described real property,
situated in Klamath county, state of
Oregon, to-wit:

The southwest quarter (SW 1/4),
of Section five (5); the west one-
half of the southeast quarter
(W 1/2 SW 1/4), Section five (5);
the southeast quarter of the south-
east quarter (SE 1/4 SW 1/4), Section
(8), in Township forty-one (41)
South, Range fourteen (14) East,
of the Willamette Meridian.

The proposed sale above men-
tioned will be subject to confirmation
by the county court of Klamath
county, state of Oregon.

ELIAS W. KILGORE,
Guardian.

2-9-15-22-2

Here's a Pill That Will

if you ever go on a visit and have the difference in atmosphere,
combined with the change of food, spoil that visit?
if you suffer from headaches, become nervous and irritable, lose
petite, have stomach trouble and have your sleep broken?

WHEN YOU GO AWAY AGAIN BE SURE YOU CARRY WITH
YOU A SUPPLY OF

RYAL'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

They are handy to carry, easily taken and will quickly remove all
impurities. Prompt, but gentle in their action, they stimulate
the liver to renewed activity, cleanse the system of waste matter,
increase the appetite and aid